

"BALD JACK" ROSE TELLS STORY OF POLICE GRAFT AND THE MURDER OF ROSENTHAL

Gambler Tells of His Relations with Becker—How the Lieutenant Brought About Rosenthal's Death and Promised Protection to Murderers—A Prior Plot Failed

"Bald" Jack Rose has written for Dist. Atty. Whitman of New York, the complete story of the Rosenthal plot, as he knows it, and his connection with Police Lieut. Becker and "The System." The story, in its bearings on the graft operations, and the inside workings of the criminal gangs of New York city, is one of great interest, and in its essential parts is given below:

In August, 1911, I was part owner of a gambling house at 155 Second avenue. It was raided by Lieutenant Becker and his Strong Arm squad. The next morning I met Becker and asked him if he still had two unexpired warrants against the place. He admitted that he had. I then promised to produce the missing men that

talked with Becker, and Becker told him to help me, and he started out with me. The amount of the tariff agreed upon was to be \$300 a month. Those who made payment that night were Betz, on street; McDougal, on street; Coe, on street; Dudlin, on street; McCullough, on street; Blumenthal and Tobin, on street, made their payment direct to Becker, but I secured my 25 per cent. as I had spoken to them, but, as I said before, they never knew of me holding such a position before, so they made it a point to meet Becker each month alone down town.

I had Dollar John at \$300, Sam Paul at \$300, Jimmie Beattie at \$400, Curley on Tenth street and Fourth avenue, at \$200.

I used to meet him at different places to turn over what money I had to him. I used to meet him at my home mornings, or at the corner of 110th street and Broadway, in the Lion Palace Cafe, or in the subway station. A place we met often than at any other was the Union Square Hotel, 15th street and Fourth avenue, where we always sat in the rear dining room and I passed what money I collected or talked over matters with him.

Everything was going along smoothly until Becker met Herman Rosenthal; like in my case Rosenthal and Becker soon became fast friends. Rosenthal secured the appointment of two men, Foy and Michaelson, to Becker's squad and Rosenthal said Becker had an arrangement that these two men were to work under Rosenthal's instructions. He was to select certain poolrooms that these men were to bring Becker evidence on.

One of the first places raided on this system was a place on South Sixth street, Williamsburg, conducted by a man named Dorsey or Alwick.

The matter was talked over and Becker agreed to turn in the unexpired warrants for \$600. Dorsey protested that he was in financial difficulties and could not do it. He was given until Monday to make good, and on Monday he met me at the baths and gave me \$600.

Becker lends to Rosenthal. Rosenthal followed this up on another place, a man named Lawson, either at Cortland street or Park place. Then next was the San Souci on 13th street and Becker and Rosenthal were becoming great pals, then Rosenthal talked to Becker about taking an interest in his place at 45th street by investing \$2500. They talked back and forth and finally Becker agreed to let him have \$1500 on a chattel mortgage on his household goods. Rosenthal did this, secured the money and we opened up. Becker told Rosenthal he wanted Rosenthal to take care of me and he declared me in for 25, out of which I agreed to split with Becker.

Matters went along, but Becker kept telling me almost every day after that that Wallace was after him to raid Rosenthal. He said he was doing the best he could, but things were getting very warm at police headquarters, and finally Becker told me one

day at Union Square Hotel that his mind was made up he would raid the place. I begged and pleaded with him to abandon the idea.

His reply to that was that he had to make the raid, and he was going to make Rosenthal a present of the \$1500 with which to cover whatever expense Rosenthal would incur. Well, he raided the place, ordered the mortgage canceled and thought that ended it. After that Becker and Rosenthal had several meetings, but could not fix the matter up and the policeman continued stationed in the house. Rosenthal was growing desperate. He began threatening to tell what he knew. Becker said to me when I told him what I heard that he wasn't worried, that he had all ends covered.

It was about this time that Jack Zelig was arrested on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Some of Zelig's friends came and told me of it, and also told me that there were some nasty rumors around associating my name in the jobbing of Zelig. I protested my innocence and became alarmed and rushed to a telephone and called up Lieutenant Becker and asked him about it. He said he could

not talk to me then, but would meet me later in the day at the Union Square Hotel, which he did, and he told me then that it was a fact that Zelig had been framed.

Talk of Murder. I explained to his seriousness of the charge and of what danger it meant to me. Well, he said, if you do Zelig a favor will he do one in return? I told him I did not know Zelig, as I'd never met him. Well, he said, find out his friends, talk to them, and tell them if they want to save Zelig and themselves that Rosenthal is the man that is stirring up all the trouble in New York and I want him murdered, shot, his throat cut. Any way that will take him off the earth. He went further. He said if anybody will murder Rosenthal nothing can happen to them. He will take care of that. And if these men downtown don't accept the job, tell them that not one of them will be left on my round. I will frame every one of them up and send them up the river for carrying concealed weapons. I said to him, "I will send for Zelig's friends and talk with them."

First I met Harry Vallon and Bridge Weber. I told them of it all and they agreed with me that as far as I was concerned it was a serious matter, so we went to dinner at the Cafe Beaug Arts and there telephoned and located two of Zelig's friends, "Left" Louie and Whitney. They came to the Beaug Arts and we told them of my innocence and proof of it. Bridge paid \$250 to the Empire Surety company to release Zelig on bail.

We warned them of Becker's threat and that the only remedy was the murder of Rosenthal. Zelig was released on bonds and I met him for the first time. I explained that I knew his case was a "job," also told him that it was only the beginning of a long campaign of framing by Becker and his men unless Rosenthal was murdered. Zelig wouldn't have anything to do with it, and besides he said he wouldn't have any difficulty proving his innocence at the trial, as he had many witnesses to prove his innocence.

I saw Becker and told him everything was arranged, and the men were out on the job. He kept asking me every day, "Well, isn't that job done yet? All that is necessary is to go right up to where he is and blaze away at him and leave the rest to me. Nothing will happen to anybody that does it. I will take care of that."

I said "All right." In the meanwhile, the Tort case came up, and Zelig was remanded to the Tombs in default of \$10,000 bail, and Becker at once came to see me, and he said: "Now is the time to get those fellows to croak Rosenthal. Zelig is in the Tombs; a lot of excitement about gangs, and Rosenthal can be murdered. It will be blamed to some gang trouble, as he is known as a leader of gangs."

Protection is Promised. I argued that, on the contrary, it would hurt Zelig's case; that while Becker and I knew he was innocent, the general public, who do not know the workings of the police, figured he was guilty and he would be railroaded, and my position was a terrible one.

Why, he says, now you leave it to me to take care of everybody. I said I had to get Zelig out on bail first to clear myself.

I thought everything would blow over, but Becker kept asking, demanding why Rosenthal wasn't dead yet. I offered one excuse after another, until finally he said I guess you can't make good on that proposition. I will have to do it myself. He then started to work on Bridge Weber. He said to Bridge I guess these fellows don't take much stock in Jack. I wish you would go after it for me, Bridge. After all the assurances he gave Bridge, Vallon, and me about everybody who will have a hand in the murder will be absolutely safe, but on the other hand if it isn't done quickly I will do it myself, and send everybody down town to state's prison.

First Plot Fails. It was shortly after this that one night about 2 o'clock I was in Still's restaurant, on Third avenue, with Harry Vallon. We located Herman in the Garden restaurant with his wife and



JOHN W. GOFF
Before whom Becker and his associates will be tried for the murder of Rosenthal.

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Jack Sullivan. We waited around until they came out and they started after him when they noticed a man following them, all the way and decided that it was a Burns man, so it was put off again.

Becker was furious. He said all this delay was getting dangerous, as Rosenthal now had interested District Attorney Whitman and they were getting after him through District Attorney Whitman, and he had submitted affidavits exposing Becker and his methods and naming me as Becker's collector.

He begged and pleaded that the gang be sent out to take and murder Rosenthal if they had to break in his house to do it, and he said he could assure them nothing will happen to them.

I then made up my mind it was time for me to get out also. Jack Sullivan had told me that a subpoena had been issued for me to explain my transactions with Becker.

I received a message from Becker telling me that two newspaper men were at the baths asking for Harry Brown; these men he wanted to secure an affidavit from Dora Gilbert which would have a tendency to discredit Rosenthal.

Anxious for Killing. I waited at the baths and at 6 o'clock these men were announced. Schepps went up and said he was Brown. I went up to take a look at them and I recognized Plitt as a man I knew well in connection with Becker.

Weber in the meanwhile returned, announcing that the men whom subpoenas were issued for would stand by Becker with the assurance and the possibility of getting Gilbert's affidavit didn't leave much room for Rosenthal to hurt Becker, and I felt relieved. After dinner Vallon, Schepps, Plitt and the other man, who I found later was a notary from Broadway named Smith, they all started for Gilbert's house.

I remained in the reception parlor awaiting a message from Becker, which I received, asking me what had been accomplished. I explained all the doings of the day, and he said if Rosenthal would only get croaked to night how happy he would be. I told him his murder was not necessary any more as he would on tomorrow stand disgraced and discredited.

He said that wasn't enough. If he only could get croaked before, the night was over, how lovely everything would be, and he said they will say the gamblers did it on account of his threatened exposure, and leave the safety of the murderers to him. I told him I would attend to it. I went back upstairs and fell asleep, when I again was called to the telephone. This



EMORY R. BUCKNER
Counsel for the New York aldermanic committee investigating police corruption.

time it was Vallon telling me the Gilbert affidavit was ready and asking me to come around to see it.

I walked around to the Sam Paul club, where I met Jack Sullivan. Sullivan asked me to take him to Madison Square Garden to the fights, where he had an appointment with Becker, which I did. I went to Gilbert's house, where I met them all at work on the affidavit. I volunteered to take the entire party home. As we reached Eighteenth a tire blew out. We all got out and I suggested to Schepps to telephone to the Boulevard for another machine, which he did. The gray car with Shapiro arrived. The remaining party thanked me and decided they would go home without the machine, and they did.

Vallon, Schepps and myself and three others went into Sharkey's. I then thought of wanting to see my brother-in-law to borrow some money to leave town with the next day, and asked Schepps and Vallon to accompany me uptown. When we got on Seventh avenue I thought I would look in on the gang; we stopped at the House. Frank looked but Schepps called him down and we asked him where the rest were; he said they received a message to come down town; we took him and ordered the machine to go down town and stopped at Weber's. Some one came in and reported Rosenthal was at the Metropolitan; everybody started out of the place.

Sees Becker After Murder. I remained behind and insisted that Schepps remain with me. Schepps went out. Someone came in with the report that Rosenthal had been murdered.

Weber suggested I telephone to Becker. I asked him where I could get a booth. He said at the Times building. I walked over there and asked the operator to get me 6694 and I spoke to Becker. "I asked him if he heard the news. He said: Yes, some newspaper man telephoned him. I said, 'My God, Charlie, this is awful.' He said: 'Now, don't worry. No harm will come to anyone.' He said, 'Where are you?' I said, 'At

Weber's." He said, "I will be down town right away."

I went back and told Weber and we waited a long while; he came along all smiles.

I opened the conversation by saying: "My God, Charlie, this is horrible. There'll be hell to pay." He said, "What is the matter, don't worry, leave all that to me. I asked have you seen him, and he said yes, I saw the squealing fool. I would of liked to taken my knife out and cut a piece of his tongue and hang it on the Times Building as a warning to possible future squealers." He said well, I was saved the trouble of doing it myself; he said I became tired



POLICE COMMISSIONER WALDO
Removed as result of graft exposures.

waiting for you fellows to get the gang to do it so decided to do it myself.

Becker Would Have Killed. He said after I left Jack Sullivan I instructed Otto to drive by the Metropolitan and to slow down without stopping. I intended if Rosenthal was there to take out my gun, blaze away at him and then tell Otto to keep going but he wasn't there. I said well what about these fellows he said I will take good care of everybody concerned; to Weber he said see that these fellows get enough money to get out of town, say about a thousand dollars between them which Weber said he would make \$1500.

Schepps said Weber had money to give me to give those fellows for Becker. I told Schepps to get it and meet me at 50th street and Eighth avenue. Weber handed me some money; he said it was a thousand dollars; I handed it to two fellows with him and told them Becker said to lay low for a while and everything would be O. K.

Becker kept in constant communication with me either by telephone or through Schepps, cheering me up continually on Wednesday morning I received a telephone message from him advising me to give myself up as they were asking for me in connection with the Gilbert affidavit.

I said, Charlie, I am almost crazy. I am sick in mind and body. I don't dare trust myself being questioned, I am thinking of you and I will surely make a mess of it; he said, well I guess you are right, rest and stay here a while until I phone you. I received another message later in the day telling me to come to Lawyer Hart's office, as he wanted to see me. I told him I was too sick; he said, well I will send him to you.

Visit From Hart. Lawyer Hart and a notary came and began questioning me. I was on the bed asking to be left alone, but he was the most insistent that everything was all right, all that was needed was the explaining away of the \$1500 transaction and everything would be all right. I let him go on questioning me and he put down whatever he wanted and I signed it.

Schepps came in when they left and I said to him, "Sam, I have been tricked and duped and it looks like Becker is trying to make me the goat."

I rocked and tossed with a fever on Thursday a. m. I got a newspaper and read A. J. Levy's statement about me and I realized at once that there was treachery somewhere. I awoke Schepps and told him I was going to headquarters and give myself up and tell all; he went out with me and said first telephone Becker. We went to a drug store, telephoned the house and the man at the switchboard said the telephone is not working.

Gives Himself Up. I then hired a taxi and started down town Schepps all the while accompanying me and begging me not to do it before I consulted with Becker but I was determined and continued at about 25th street I asked Schepps to leave me which he did. I went to headquarters and waited the arrival of Deputy Comm. Dougherty.

I was taken in the office with him and Hughes and questioned about the murder then Dougherty left me, returned and left the door opened and Becker appeared in the doorway pale as a ghost. Dougherty said, shut the door, then he questioned me about Becker. The trick of having Becker appear in the doorway had its effect; my heart went out to him, and I denied any relationship with him.

I was then charged with an accessory to the murder of Herman Rosenthal. I was taken from there to the Dist. Atty's office I met Mr. Whitman. I was taken to the Tombs where I kept getting messages from Becker through Plitt advising me to sit tight and not worry as he was looking after everything including my family, but I was sorely troubled and the talks I had with my attorney convinced me I ought to tell all.

Decides To Tell All. I began to see a lot of things that looked as if I was to be made the goat and lawyer Sullivan was advising me to tell all and Becker herd of this as I received a note from Plitt telling me to engage lawyer Moore. I turned the communication over to my attorney. Moore came to see me, but I insisted he talk with Mr. Sullivan, but he

whispered to me, "Becker sent me," I told him I could no longer trust anyone but my attorney.

Then Plitt sent me another note advising my getting lawyer Amrams. He said Sullivan would not do. He called my family up and advised them the same. I am determined to do just as lawyer Sullivan advised and I did tell all and Callan and Weber were one too anxious to join in and tell all of an overcoat.

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A man has no use for a woman who attempts to convince him that he is wrong and succeeds in doing it. A cloth dipped in ammonia will often remove the stains from the collar of an overcoat.